

A
P O E M,
Upon his Sacred Majesty
KING GEORGE
AND
The ROYAL FAMILY.

*Serus in Cælum redeas ; diuq;
Lætus intersis Populo Britannio
Neve te nostris Vitiis iniquum*

Hogers. Combebach

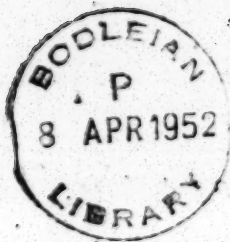
*Ocior Aure
Tollat, hic Magnos potius Triumphos
Hic ames dici Pater atq; Princeps.*

Hor. Ode 2. Lib. 1.

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TO
Sir ROBERT SALISBURY COTTON,
Of L L E W E N E Y,
IN THE
County of DENBIGH, Baronet,

HONoured SIR,

HAVING been much Traduced by Men of Malig-
nant Principles and Tempers, upon Account
of the following Lines (whilst they were handed
about in Manuscript) I Resolved they should Ap-
pear in Publick, to Vindicate the Honesty of the
Author's Design, altho' at the same time they must
Expose his Insufficiency to manage so great a Sub-
ject.

When I had taken this Resolution, I did not long
consider for a Patron: The Superiority of your
Genius

Genius and Fortune to the rest of my Acquaintance, and the more particular Respect I have for you, (as one with whom I had formerly the Honour to be Intimate) would give me leave to think of no Body but you.

Let your usual Candor excuse the Faults of this Poem, because they are the Faults of your Old Acquaintance and School-fellow, whose only Ambition is to preserve the favourable Opinion of Men of Sense and firm Loyalty to our Glorious Establishment, like your Self.

As for the other sort of Men, let them gall themselves with their own Ill-nature ; it shall no otherwise affect me, than to make me Proud of their Scandalous Treatment (which I am already well Acquainted with) and than which I know no greater Honour, except to subscribe my self

*Chester, Aug.
10. 1715.*

Your most obliged Friend, and

Devoted Humble Servant,

Roger Comberbach, Junior.

A
P O E M,
Upon his Sacred Majesty
KING GEORGE,
A N D
The ROYAL FAMILY.

THE Youthful *Muse* that long unmark'd has play'd
In the cool Grotto and Inglorious Shade,
Elate with sudden Fires, presumes to rise,
And wings her Passage to the Azure Skies,
To *where* the Brightness of her *Monarch's* Fame
Confounds the Giddy *Sight* with dazzling *Flame*,
And Valour glorys in * *AUGUSTUS* Name.

But Vain th' Attempt for an untimely *Bard*
What yet nor *Steel*, nor *Addison* have dared;

* The Prince's Name is *George Augustus*.

Dared, I may say! for sure whoe'er shall sing
 Of such a PROVIDENCE, and such a KING,
 Should soar beyond the Reach of *Pindar's* Wing.
 My humble *Muse*, and only honest *Lays*
 But hope for Pardon, not aspire to Praise.

HAIL Mighty *Monarch*! Hail Auspicious *King*!
 Whose Presence only could our Safety bring:
 We'll fear no more, for now we plainly know
 We're both secured by PROVIDENCE and YOU;
 Such Instances of PROVIDENCE are given
 To BRITAIN, the sure *Favourite* of Heaven,
 That should it please th' *Almighty* once again
 In some far distant unexpected Reign
 To send such *Ministers*, as late were seen,
 Posterity shall at the Danger smile,
 Secure of PROVIDENCE to guard the Isle:
 Secure of HEAVEN's Protection, they shall wait
 A WILLIAM or a GEORGE to save the *sinking* State.
 Fair BRITAIN, IRELAND, and the OCEAN too
 Their undisputed Monarch own in You:
 From your Approach they all Protection claim;
 The Seas from Piracy, the Realm from SHAME:
 Your Power extends far as the endless Main,
 Which nothing, but your Goodness, can restrain;
 You come with Universal Wisdom fraught,
 By Reading much, more by Experience, taught:

You

You come to Rule and Save our Happy Land,
 At once to give us Power, and to command ;
 At your Arrival our Perfidious Foes
 At Home, Abroad, an equal Fear disclose :
 These dread the JUSTICE of the *British Law*,
 And Those the Terrors of your Armies awe :
 How Great are *You*, to whom all *EUROPE* bends,
 Upon whose Will (secure of all your Friends)
 The Fortune of your Enemies depends.

Whilst the *FRENCH* Subjects with unwilling Hands
 Perform their *Tyrant's* Absolute Commands :
 Whilst *HE* whole Millions of Base *Slaves* controuls,
 You rule our Hearts, and govern in our *SOULS* :
 You, by your Subjects Happiness are Great,
 And by their Glory make your own Compleat.

Albion once more shall like it self appear,
 Once more with Glory crowd the *swelling* Year :
 The Brave *AUGUSTUS* shall his *Britons* lead
 Beyond the Conquests our *FIFTH HARRT* made.
AUGUSTUS, Gen'rous, Provident and Bold,
 Tho' Young in *Action*, yet in *Council* Old ;
 Whilst his Example every *Briton* warms,
 And *MARLBRO'* shines again in Azure Arms.
MARLBRO' ! great Object of our PRAISE and SHAME,
 Whose WRONGS are as Amazing as his *Fame* :

But

But Honour pierced with unavailing Wounds,
 When most *depress'd*, with greatest Force *rebounds* :
 Now base-contriving Malice shall in vain
 Pollute his Honour, and his Glory stain ;
 His Fame Triumphant shines above Disgrace,
 As Bright as are the *Beauties* of his *Race*.
CADOGAN's Worth the needless Muse invites
 To sing of (not her Talent) hardy Fights,
 Of Diligence untir'd, and sleepless Nights.
 Menaced *Invasions* will be soon Allayed, (lead.
 By *BRITISH* Troops, which They, and Great *AUGUSTUS*
 Let the Famed *AUDENARD* as high advance
AUGUSTUS Glory, as it humbled *FRANCE* ;
 Where 'midst the Chiefs most Eminent he shone,
 Thro' Thousand Dangers, Thousand Honours won,
 Exposing all our Safetys in his own ;
 Undaunted thro' the thick Battalions flew,
 Thro' Streams of Blood bright *Honour* to pursue.
 But stay thou *Royal Youth*, forbear too far
 To press the doubtful Fortune of a War :
 Reflect when boldly you Renown pursue,
 The Welfare of *Mankind* depends on *You*.
 At least defer your *Thirst* of *Fame* a while,
 And with your Presence bless th' expecting Isle.
 Your *WALES* desires you, and with Loyal Breast
 Her *Prince's* Sight does eagerly request :

WALES that Variety of *Blessings* yields,
 Like Beauteous *Hæmon* smile the Gilded *Fields* :
ENGLAND with *Silver* her huge *Cliffs* provide,
 And *Plenty* marks the *Vales* where *LLUID* glides.
 Where *ALLEN*'s Streams in wild *Meanders* flow,
 Laughs the rich Shoar, and *Flowers* unbidden grow.
 Here *Valour*, *Truth*, and *Native Honour* shine,
 Unmixt with *Policy* or *low Design* ;
 Th' *Inhabitants* an open *Temper* shew;
 Nor *Luxury*, nor *Avarice* they know ,
 Such were the *Heroes* of whose *Race* are these,
 That dy'd with *ROMAN* Blood the *BRITISH* Seas.
 Disgrace they knew not, and their *Sons* retain
 Their *Ancestors* Renown without a Stain :
 Never did Base *Usurper* here command,
 Their *Language* uncorrupt, unconquer'd is their *Land*.

* *CAERLEGION CHESTER* your Protection claims,
 Where Ancient *Deva* rolls her *holy* Streams ;
 Where beauteous Walls and decent Buildings rise,
 And *Ladies*, far more Beauteous, glad our Eyes.
 Here *Cupid* and the little *Loves* resort,
 And awful *Beauty* keeps her Sacred Court :
 Would your Fair *PRINCESS* bless us with her *Eyes*,
 So bright, as ev'n in *CHESTER* would surprize,

C

Then

* *Caerlegion Chester* vaunts her *Holy Dee*. Camden's *Brittannia*;

Then only would our *Charmers* shine in vain,
 Her dazzling *Lustre* all alone would reign,
 The *Queen* of Beauty *She*, and *they* her lovely *Train*.
 Their Pow'r to *her* they justly would resign,
 And in inferiour Spheres more faintly shine,
 To *her*, whose *Beauty*, like *Diana's*, lyes
 As wondrous in her Soul, as in her Eyes:
 Even that *Stupendious Form* is far behind
 The strict *Endowments* of her *Heav'nly Mind*.
 How bright a *Race* of Monarchs shall we see
 From such a *Nymph*, and such a PRINCE as HE;
 His Warlike Soul the future *Kings* shall grace,
 Her *Beauty* shall Adorn the Glorious Race.

But oh ! may many Years, like this, roll on,
 E'er a New *Monarch* shall supply the Throne :
 If Fortune but on GEORGE's Merits wait,
 And make him, equal to his Goodness, Great ;
 No Time shall parallel, no Verse shall sing
 A *Monarch* so Compleat as BRITAIN's KING :
 All Virtuous Kings shall their Example own,
 In GEORGE the WORLD's great RULER and his
 own.

Oh ! may he late deliver to his Heirs
 Deep *Schemes* of Government and *Plans* of Wars ;
 Serenity in Temper, and in Thought,
 And *Fame*, not for *himself*, but for his Country, fought.

Mean

Mean while our home-bred Discords shall give place
 To a just War, or honourable Peace :
 Our ARMS are sure to Flourish, or our TRADE,
 And no vile Schemes our Glory shall invade ;
 But Happy *BRITAIN* shall *Triumphant* smile,
 While *GEORGE* and *LIBERTY* adorn the Glorious Isle.

But when at last *He* only lives in *Fame*,
 And his calm Soul returns to whence it came ;
 When *Heaven* shall crown *Him* with its *choicest* Rest,
 In just Réquital for a *Nation* blest,
 Th' Extensive Bliss his *healing* Presence brought,
 To *all* succeeding *Ages* shall be taught :
 Th' Extensive Bliss his after *Reign* acquired,
 By *distant Kings* shall be, in vain, admired.
Old History shall flourish in his *Fame*,
 And *Verse* be made Immortal by his *Name*.
 His *Image* too, snatch'd from the Arms of Death,
 In Animated Brass shall seem to breathe ;
 Shall seem to give *Subdued Nations* Law,
 Commanding *Love*, and yet commanding *Awe* :
 Whilst *BRITAIN's* Sons survey with grateful *Joy*
 The blest *PRESERVER* of their *LIBERTY* ;
 With *Ardent* Eyes on his dear *Image* gaze,
 Full of his *Deeds*, contending in his *Praise*.

" This, This is he that *BRITAIN*'s Foes restrained,
 " That o'er *himself* and o'er all *EUROPE* reigned ;
 " The *Realm* not only he *Adorn'd* but *S A V E D* ;
 " His *Subjects* Freed, and his proud *Foes* Enslaved :
 " With Faithful *Servants* and Sage *Council* blest,
 " Himself of all his wise *Advisers* best,
 " Who *LIBERTY* restored, and *ALBION*'s Wrongs
 redress'd.



FINIS.
